

CUMBERLAND'S  
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**JOAN OF ARC ;**

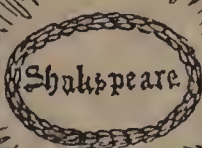
OR, THE MAID OF ORLEANS :  
 A MELO-DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,  
 BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.  
 Author of *The Pilot*. *The Floating Beacon*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY  
*With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,*  
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the  
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE  
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and  
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-  
 formed in the MERTROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with  
 A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,  
 By Mr. BONNER,  
 from  
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre  
 by  
 Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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*R. Cruikshank, Del.*

*G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

### **Joan of Arc.**

*Joan.* Behold ! proud and vindictive lords, how tanquilly I  
come to die

*Act III. Scene 5.*

JOAN OF ARC;  
OR, THE MAID OF ORLEANS:  
A MELO-DRAMA,  
In Three Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, ESQ.,

*Author of The Fortunes of Nigil, The Pilot, The Floating Beacon,  
The Devil's Elixir, The Flying Dutchman, Inchape Bell,  
The Innkeeper of Abbeville, &c.*

THE MUSIC BY MR. NICHOLSON.

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## REMARKS.

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### Joan of Arc.

THE Maid of Orleans was the glory and shame of the age in which she lived—her heroic deeds and miserable end fill one bright and bloody page in history ; which, with all its boasted dignity, is but a record of the injustice, superstitions, and cruelties of mankind :—one potentate succeeds another,—

“ Not to be worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise.”

One form of government, one code of laws, are adopted or abrogated, as the strongest party prevail. The wisdom of our ancestors, like the *buttons* on Ben Jonson’s effigy—

(“ Another age shall set thy buttons right”)

which we reject as old saws, posterity shall reinstate with honour due ; and our modern instances,

“ Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,”

shall be laid aside with that contempt which antiquity, in the present day, receives from those “ who all but *new things* disdain.” Among the many atrocities that history records, there is none of greater barbarity, cowardice, and dishonour, than the fate of Joan of Arc ; the deep disgrace of which belongs to that wily and able politician, the Regent Bedford.

In the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d’ Arc, who was servant in a small inn, and who, in that station, had been accustomed to tend the horses of the guests, to ride them without a saddle to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men-servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity ; whether that she had met with no occasion to excite her genius, or that the un-



skilful eyes of those who conversed with her had not been able to discern her uncommon merit. The siege of Orleans, the progress of the English before that place, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, the importance of saving the city and its brave defenders, had turned thither the public eye; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with the wild desire of bringing relief to her sovereign in his present distress. Her inexperienced mind, working day and night on this favourite object, mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspirations; and she fancied that she saw visions, and heard voices, exhorting her to re-establish the throne of France, and to expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of temper made her overlook all the dangers which might attend her in such a path; and thinking herself destined by heaven to this office, she threw aside all that bashfulness and timidity so natural to her sex, her years, and her low station. She went to Vaucouleurs; procured admission to Baudricourt the governor; informed him of her inspirations and intentions; and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, but to second those heavenly revelations which impelled her to this glorious enterprise. Baudricourt treated her at first with some neglect; but on her frequent returns to him, and importunate solicitations, he began to remark something extraordinary in the maid, and was inclined, at all hazards, to make so easy an experiment. He adopted, at last, the schemes of Joan; and he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely kept himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside everything in his dress and apparel which might distinguish him:—

‘Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;  
I know thee well, though never seen before.  
Be not amaz’d, there’s nothing hid from me:  
In private will I talk with thee apart;—  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

That she offered him, in the name of the supreme creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed; and on his expressing doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some



sworn confidants, a secret, which was unknown to all the world beside himself, and which nothing but a heavenly inspiration could have discovered to her. An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. Her requests were at last complied with: she was armed cap-a-pee, mounted on horseback, and shown in that martial habiliment before the whole people. She entered the city of Orleans arrayed in her military garb, and displaying her consecrated banner; and was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants. They now believed themselves invincible under her influence; and the English general, the Earl of Suffolk, after having endured a series of reverses,—(for Joan performed such miracles, that she convinced the most obdurate incredulity of her divine mission,)—raised the siege, and retreated with all the precaution imaginable.

The raising of the siege of Orleans was one part of the maid's promise to Charles; the crowning of him at Rheims was the other;—and she now vehemently insisted that he should forthwith set out on that enterprise. He passed by Troye, which opened its gates to him; Chalons imitated the example; and Rheims sent him a deputation with its keys, before his approach to it. The ceremony of his coronation was here performed; the Maid of Orleans stood by his side in complete armour, and displayed her sacred banner; and the people shouted with the most unfeigned joy on viewing such a complication of wonders. She declared to the Count of Dunois, that her wishes were now fully gratified, and that she had no farther desire than to return to her former condition, and to the occupation and course of life which became her sex. But that nobleman, sensible of the great advantages which might be still reaped from her presence in the army, exhorted her to persevere, till, by the final expulsion of the English, she had brought all her prophecies to their full completion. In pursuance of this advice, she threw herself into the town of Compiègne, which was at that time besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, and the next day after her arrival headed a sally upon the quarters of John of Luxembourg; she twice drove the enemy from their intrenchments; finding their numbers to increase every moment, she ordered a retreat; when hard pressed by the pursuers, she

turned upon them, and made them again recoil; but being here deserted by her friends, and surrounded by the enemy, she was at last, after exerting the utmost valour, taken prisoner by the Burgundians.

The Duke of Bedford fancied, that, by the captivity of that extraordinary woman, who had blasted all his successes, he should again recover his former ascendant over France; and, to push farther the present advantage, he purchased the captive from John of Luxembourg, and formed a prosecution against her for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The court was held at Rouen, where the young King of England then resided. In the issue, she was condemned for all the crimes of which she had been accused, aggravated by heresy; her revelations were declared to be inventions of the devil to delude the people; and she was sentenced to be delivered over to the secular arm.

Joan, so long surrounded by inveterate enemies, who treated her with every mark of contumely, felt her spirit at last subdued. She publicly declared herself willing to recant—her sentence was then mitigated: she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water. But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting that the female dress, which she now consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effects of that temptation upon her. She clothed herself again in the forbidden garment; her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy: she was condemned to be burned in the market-place of Rouen; and the infamous sentence was accordingly executed.

On this story, Mr. Ball has built this melodrame. He has given Mrs. Egerton an opportunity of displaying very considerable talents in depicting the heroine. Keeley, at that time an obscure actor at Sadler's Wells, first exhibited his comic powers, in the village braggadocio, Valianto. The *burning* of Joan of Arc at an *aquatic* theatre might be considered by the author as somewhat out of place; he has therefore set fire to the pile, but spared the maid.

## Costume.

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**PRINCE CHARLES OF FRANCE.**—*First dress*: Full suit of armour.—*Second dress*: The imperial robes.

**BEAUVAIS.**—Rich crimson tunic—breast-plate—helmet—russet boots.

**SCALES.**—Brown shape—breast-plate.

**RICHEMONT.** } Similar to Beauvais, but not so  
**CHALONS.** } richly ornamented.

**DE CAMERAL.**—Plain brown shape.

**VALIANTO.**—Light blue shape, trimmed with white—comic hat—blue stockings—shoes.

**FLORINE.**—Light gray tunic—breast-plate—russet boots—hat and feathers.

**JOAN OF ARC.**—*First dress*: Buff petticoat, striped with blue—blue jacket, striped with buff—blue stockings—black shoes and buckles.—*Second dress*: White satin petticoat, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis—an armour body—helmet with white plume—armour gauntlets and armour boots—embroidered scarlet robe.—*Third dress*: Plain white.

**LUCELLE.**—Orange petticoat, with blue trimming—blue jacket, trimmed with orange—blue stockings with scarlet clocks.

## Cast of the Characters,

*As Performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, August 12, 1822.*

<i>Prince Charles of France</i>	. . .	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Beauvais, a General conspiring against</i>	} Mr. Campbell.	
<i>the Prince</i>		
<i>Scales, his adherent</i>	. . .	Mr. Bedford.
<i>Richemont, } treacherous French</i>	} Mr. Mildenhall.	
<i>Chalons, } Generals</i>		Mr. Wakeham.
<i>De Cameral, Joan of Arc's Father</i>	. . .	Mr. Strickland.
<i>Valianto, Pink of the Valley</i>	. . .	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Florine, a young Soldier</i>	. . .	Mr. Vale.
<i>Lucelle, Joan of Arc's Sister</i>	. . .	Miss Johnstone.
<i>Joan of Arc</i>	. . .	Mrs. Egerton.

*Nobles, Judges, Officers, Priests, Soldiers, Peasants,  
Ladies, Nuns, Choristers, Executioner, &c. &c.*

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

### EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; C. D. *Centre Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

### RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.	R.C.	C.	L.C.	L.
••• The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.				



# JOAN OF ARC;

## OR, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

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### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*The Tent of Charles.*

CHARLES *discovered*, C., CHALONS, L. C., RICHEMONT, R. C.,  
and Soldiers arranged at the back, from R. to L.—*Flourish*  
of trumpets.

Char. (c.) Warmed with new ardour, ripe for glorious conquest, brave generals! faithful servants of a king by blackest treason exiled from his throne, you, whose fidelity has ever yet upheld me through the roughest tide of war! what answer, tell me, can I send the villain who dares command his monarch quit the realm, or wait to meet the scorn this paper boasts?

Chal. (L.) Say to him, sire, though bloated with success, though for awhile a prosperous sun beam on him, while we, retiring from his treasonous forces, seek temporary shelter in these hills, our better cause defies his base advances.

Ric. (R. C.) Say, while one man of all your trusty followers has power to wield a sword, still will that one, though feeble and alone, brave a whole army for his lawful prince.

Char. Now do I feel a monarch's proudest strength is centered in the hearts of faithful subjects. No, Beauvais, though thou driv'st me from my throne, and dar'st colleague with traitors, like thyself, to rob me of my ancient heritance, thou never canst subvert my valiant soldiers, whose very souls are up in arms against thee. Conduct the courier in.

*Enter SCALES, conducted by Officers, L.*

Char. [*Throws down a paper.*] Presumer, hence! take back the threats thy rebel leader sent us; tell him, from

us, his own indignant king, 'tis our command he instantly abandon this mockery of blood, nor more oppose our royal progress, as he looks for pardon.

*Sca.* Is this the answer to my embassy?

*Char.* Be sure, it is—away, and give it tendance, lest our drawn swords outstrip thy tardy steps.

*Sca.* Thus much in courtesy. I'm taught to add, since you defy our pious admonition, refusing to resign your vain pretensions, your boasted heirship to the crown of France, which justly for himself another claims, my lord of Beauvais only waits the event of your decision, ere, in waves of blood, he'll wash your bold presumption from the land.

*Ric.* [*Touching his sword.*] Insolent traitor

*Chal.* This to your king!

*Char.* Hold, my good lords,—the privilege of war demands the herald's person shall be sacred; guide him from the camp.

*Sca.* Still I would say——

*Char.* [*Haughtily.*] No more; you know our pleasure. [*Exeunt Scales and Officers, L.*] You, Chalons, see each soldier at his post—let each man be encouraged by your smile; we must not in ourselves seem mindful, sir, however hard the storms of fate assail us; a soldier's life is full of care and peril, but when the sun of glory shines upon him, how ample is the reward its radiance yields.

[*Exeunt, R.*—*Flourish of trumpets.*]

SCENE II.—*A French Village—the Outside of De Cameral's Inn, R. S. E.—a light bridge of rocks crossing a moving water in the background, from R. to L.—hills, with the camp and tent of Charles in the distance—Sunset.*

MUSIC.—*Enter FLORINE and LUCELLE, from the Inn,*  
R. S. E.

*Luc.* (R.) And so, Florine, you are bent on becoming a soldier, notwithstanding all I said against it. Now, there's Valianto, poor lad, dying by inches; for my sake, he wouldn't enlist, especially when there's so much danger.

*Flo.* (C.) Not more out of love for you than for himself, though every one knows what sort of a figure he'd cut as a soldier—ha, ha, ha! However, if you like him, he's a pretty little fellow, ha, ha, ha!

*Luc.* [*Angrily.*] Ha, ha, ha! and pray, who said I liked him?—But I hate to hear people always speaking ill of people behind people's backs.

*Flo.* I speak ill of people behind people's backs?—No, Lucelle, the man that can descend to such a meanness is unworthy the name of a soldier.

*Luc.* That's exactly what I always tell Valianto.

*Flo.* Valianto again! you force me to abhor that little ignorant, dromedary-backed——

*Luc.* There, there, you've gone quite far enough to be worthy the name of a soldier.

*Flo.* Well, good by—you'll think of me sometimes, Lucelle, as you wander through the valley in the evening.

*Luc.* Nay, nay, remain at home,—there are plenty to fall without you, Florine.

*Flo.* Did all think so, Lucelle, time would extinguish the glory of men; and when carnage drives havoc over our mother country, it is the duty of her sons with heart and sword to defend her.

*Luc.* Dear, brave Florine! I cannot condemn sentiments so honourable, however they impart anguish to my own weak bosom.

*Flo.* I knew you would say thus at last, or I had never loved you. [*Looking off, L.*] Valianto here at this hour?—The devil!

*Enter VALIANTO, L., with a large nosegay.*

*Val.* The devil! where?—Lord, how can you alarm one so?

*Flo.* Why, you are not frightened?

*Val.* No, not frightened; but mayhap you never heard what folks say?

*Flo.* No—what do they say?

*Val.* [*Drawing him aside.*] They say that his infernal majesty has some acquaintance with Joan, Lucelle's sister, and I thought, as you spoke, he might be coming to pay his evening visit.

*Flo.* [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Val.* [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! and for you, miss, to be alone here with a soldier, I don't think, is quite the thing.

*Flo.* What is that you say, sir?

*Val.* I say, when I become a soldier, I shall be quite the thing.

*Flo.* Pray, for whom was that nosegay intended?

*Val.* Nosegay, nosegay, oh! [*Aside.*] I suppose now,

if I say Lucelle, he'll cut my throat, [*Aloud.*] intended—intended as a present for Miss—[*Lucelle holds her finger to her throat.*] Oh! Kh-u-m.

*Flo.* Damn me if ever I heard such a name in my life.

*Val.* Oh, for shame! we gentlemen never swear in the company of ladies.

*Flo.* [*Touching his sword.*] Would you provoke me to—

*Val.* No, indeed, I'd much rather you'd provoke me, because then I should have nothing to apprehend.

*Luc.* Still jealous of Valianto—think better of yourself, Florine.

*Flo.* Dearest Lucelle, that rebuke renders me happy.

*Luc.* Well, Florine, since you are determined to bear arms, I hope heaven will hear my prayers for your welfare—yes, and for every brave man who is intrepid enough to offer his life's blood for the honour and prosperity of his native land.

[*Florine kisses her.*—*Exit Lucelle into the Inn, R. S. E.*]

*Val.* Gemini! what assurance—why, here I have been dying of a galloping consumption for her these seven years past, and she has never so much as granted me a buss—I will be a soldier, that's what I will.

**MUSIC.**—*Enter DE CAMERAL, from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*De C.* Good evening—I'm glad to see you in your new livery, my boy; I'm sure you'll do it honour.

[*Shaking hands with Florine.*]

*Flo.* That compliment, Master De Cameral, inspires me with new enthusiasm—I trust I shall always deserve it.

*Val.* [*Going conceitedly up to De Cameral.*] I intend to become a soldier myself, Master De Cameral, as soon as ever the frequent skirmishes are a little over.

*De C.* You a soldier,—psha! a mopstick.

*Val.* [*Aside.*] A mopstick! why, what the deuce does he mean? I will become a soldier, if I like,—they are only afraid I should do better than somebody. Well, there's one thing, favourites never thrive. Pink of the valley that I am, I will be a soldier.

*De C.* Florine, you join the ranks in the morning; you'll stay with us to-night; but first I must beg of you to step into the meadows in quest of poor Joan—she has been wandering all day,—you know her strange infirmity; if you'll take the turning by the camp, I'll go along the banks of the river the other way,—should you



meet her first, say her father wishes her to return home,—that will be quite enough, she'll come directly. [*Calling.*] Lucelle, child, prepare supper; Florine sups with us to-night.

*Re-enter LUCELLE from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*Luc.* Florine to sup with us! I'll fetch up a flask of the wine I made myself last autumn; I'm sure he will prefer that to the strongest muscadell, and we'll all drink success to his new enterprise. [*Exit into the Inn, R. S. E.*

*Val.* I'll take to my heels,—else the old savage will be sending me after Joan, and I'd as soon meet a ghost: her wild looks and strange words are enough to frighten even the soldiers out of the camp. It begins to grow dark; I'd borrow a lantern of Lucelle, but if I go into the cottage, Florine will be jealous;—if I go over the bridge, I may encounter some of the soldiers, and should I go this way I may meet Joan; if I do, I'll hide like a hedgehog under a bramble.—Many a worse manoeuvre in war.—Of all great generals, tell me of General Safety.

[*Exit, R.*

*De C.* Indeed! indeed! my worthy Florine, you cannot imagine half my sufferings on poor Joan's account: her inquietude has become stronger, since the retreat and discomfiture of Prince Charles and his encampment on yonder banks.

*Flo.* Not long since, Joan was the blithest maiden of the valley; her tabor and her songs reigned the joy of our holyday gambols.

*De C.* I discovered, some time ago, that she took an eager delight in hearkening to the praises of her sovereign; as the nation became more embroiled, and misery presented itself at every quarter, she assumed a more thoughtful and melancholy air: her imagination led her to suppose herself possessed of an influence, which, even as her father, I blush and tremble to confess; to me she is wonderful, awful. I dare not reveal my strange thoughts. But, come—after supper we'll speak further. [*Exeunt severally into the Inn, R. S. E.*

MUSIC.—*Enter JOAN OF ARC, on the bridge, from L.*

*Joan.* Dark spirits float upon the blast. Soon the pale moon will rise in cloudless majesty behind yon camp, and all seem hush'd to peace! false, deceitful calm! O, my poor injured land! when, when shall thy mangled,

lacerated bosom be at rest? When again shall the peasant, unmolested, plant his olives on your flow'ry margins—ye blue waters of France? When—Oh! when?

[*Music.—She descends the steps.*]

*Re-enter DE CAMERAL, from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*De C.* My child!

*Joan.* [*Rushing into his arms.*] My father!

*De C.* (c.) Let me conduct you to our habitation,—you have wandered all day.

*Joan.* (L.) Yes, all day.—Wandered? No, no, I've sat long amongst yon lofty mountains, and as the camp of Charles, the unfortunate Charles, lay scattered at my feet, I've thought——

*De C.* [*Earnestly.*] My child!

*Joan.* My dear father, what I was I am not,—what I am I shall not be.

*De C.* How am I to understand you? We are none of us what we were: I was young that now am old and presently I shall be——

*Joan.* [*Much affected.*] In your grave. [*Crossing to R.*] Well, well, all must pass away.

*Re-enter FLORINE, from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*Joan.* Florine, I'm glad to see you in the habit of a soldier. Some disgrace it, but you will not.

*Flo.* You flatter me, yet I feel gratified.

*De C.* Come, child, you must not longer be permitted to indulge these idle phantasies; your altered features are as daggers to my heart—come in, come in.

*Joan.* You would not drag the parched traveller from the well—my brain is hot and feverish, the cold breeze restores it to tranquillity: presently, presently, I'll follow.

*De C.* Let us in: if I thwart her inclination, it distracts her. By her fix'd eyes, I perceive she is about to imagine herself visited by one of those visions from which she says she derives her information of things to come.

*Joan.* (c.) Stay! look yonder! see! all the world may behold it now—mark! mark!

*De C.* This is the wild conceit that maddens her—the vision of her disordered intellect.

*Joan.* Do you not observe that hand of brightness,—it offers me the crown of France; and now I hear a voice that bids me place it on the brow of Charles. Ha! I'm

summoned to the camp—vanished! I understand—it must be accomplished; I yield myself to the decree of an overruling power.—Father, Florine, prepare to plunge yourselves into a stream of glory. Gaze not thus wildly on me, I go forth a commissioned messenger.

*De C.* From whom?

*Joan.* [*Pointing to heaven.*] Ask no further; follow me not—in an hour we meet again—farewell, farewell!

*De C.* Joan, my daughter!

[*Exit Joan of Arc over the bridge—De Cameral and Florine remain gazing after her, at the foot of the bridge.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Charles's Tent.*

*Enter RICHEMONT and CHALONS, R.*

*Ric. (R.)* The victorious foe carry all before them—soon we shall have no alternative but to leap despairingly from the edge of the precipice to which they have driven us.

*Chal. (c.)* The prince declares that he will sooner perish than surrender.

*Ric.* Chalons, we must fall,—our ammunition, our food, is nearly exhausted.

*Chal.* I know of no resource.

*Ric.* There is yet one.

*Chal.* What is it?

*Ric.* Are we alone?

*Chal.* Perfectly. What are you about to utter?

*Ric.* I confide entirely to your honour. The Lord Beauvais offers us, in this paper, sixty thousand pieces to betray the Prince Charles into his hands: what say you? shall we accept these terms? Once concluded—

*Sentinel.* [*Without.*] Who goes there?

*Chal.* How now?

*Enter VALIANTO, very dirty, L., conducted by a Sentinel and Soldiers.*

*Sen.* This fellow, my lord, was found lurking in the wood, on the borders of the camp,—we believe him to be a spy.

*Chal.* In what cause are you, Charles or Beauvais?

*Val.* So please your magnificence, that cause which is the safest.

*Ric.* What were you about in the wood, at this unreasonable hour?

*Val.* So please your magnificence, I was going innocently home, and whistling all the way, to drive the ghosts and hobgoblins out of mind, when I heard the voice of Joan of Arc. You may be sure that fill'd me with fright, so I ran one way and looked another, till I tumbled head foremost into a quagmire.

*Ric.* [*Sarcastically.*] You soon got out again?

*Val.* No, bless you; I huddled myself up in the mud, thinking that preferable to meeting Joan of Arc by owl's light. I knew I was not the first person of consequence that had been found in a dirty situation.

*Chal.* Who is this Joan of Arc?

*Val.* Laud! don't you know who Joan of Arc the mad maid of the valley, is?—Why, she is——

*Joan.* [*Without, L.*] Here! 'Tis well.

*Val.* Oh, that I were up to my ears in that quagmire again.

*Joan.* [*Without, L.*] Fly to your weapons, the enemy is already on the hill! I saw the twinkling of their torches through the gloom of evening. To arms, or the prince is lost!

*Ric.* What voice is that?

*Val.* 'Tis her own sweet, mild, gentle ladyship, mistress Joan: your mightiness may believe what she has to say, for, bless you, she's certainly a witch; everybody here believes she deals with the old gentleman underground.

*Ric.* Away with him.

*Val.* Oh, that I were up to my neck in the quagmire again.

[*Exit R., conducted by the Guards.*]

*Enter JOAN OF ARC, L.*

*Joan.* [*Advancing.*] Arm, arm, or you are lost! Nay, turn not from me. Harken to my words, or conduct me to the prince; he'll not disdain to hear me.

*Ric.* Have you ever seen the prince?

*Joan.* Frequently, in my visions.

*Ric.* Visions! And would you infer, from such fantastic dreams, that you should know him, were he now before you?

*Joan.* Conduct me to his presence; I'll convince you.

*Ric.* That is inconsistent with my duty. Sentinel, guard her at a distance, while I inform the prince of her request.

[*Exit Richmond into the tent, R.*]



*Enter Sentinel, L.*

*Joan.* Why does my heart throb thus wildly, even at the outset of the enterprise?—Go to! I must be steadfast; I must be firm. *[Exit, with the Sentinel, L. S. E.]*

**MUSIC.**—*Enter PRINCE CHARLES, RICHMONT, Officers, and Guards, from the tent.*

*Cha.* How, my lord—a woman speak with me, who calls herself a prophetess, and is so esteemed by her countrymen! This is no time to waste on spells, whilst the traitor Beauvais leads his rebel force against the accession of ourself, his lawful king. We will convince this enthusiast of her error. My Lord Dunnois, you shall put on my cloak and hat, and stand boldly forth, while I mingle with your apparent followers. Now, good Richmont, conduct in this Joan of Arc; give her this sword, and bid her lay it at the king's feet; doubt not Dunnois will derive the honour.

*[Music—Exit Richmont with the sword—Attendants place the cloak and hat on Dunnois.]*

*Re-enter RICHMONT, and JOAN OF ARC, with the sword, R.*

*Joan.* This sword I am to place at the king's feet?

*Ric.* *[Pointing to Dunnois.]* Who now stands before you.

*Joan.* Say, rather, where the king ought to stand. There stands Charles, in the bosom of his people; this, my lords, is but the counterfeit of majesty,—this *[Placing the sword at the feet of Charles, who advances, L. C.]* the same that has hovered round me in my dreams, my own loved sovereign.

*Char.* Woman, you have seen me before.

*Joan.* Never, sire, but in my visions.

*Char.* At once, what is it you would say?

*Joan.* Sire, defend yourself; the spell of treachery is upon your camp, or why flame not the beacons on yon summits? Arm, arm! the foe advances,—behold!

*[Points out wildly.]*

*Char.* Wretched maniac, how comes it, that, contrary to the nature of your sex, you stand undaunted before us, unmindful of the horrors that surround you?

*Joan.* Prince Charles, my lips speak truth,—nay, sire, frown not. Dreadful certainty! an instant will convince you. *[A distant drum heard.]* Hark!

*Char.* By heaven! that sound is of our approaching enemies. Yes, 'tis even so,—[*Drum.*] nearer! nearer! Arm, then, my lords,—there is not a moment to be lost.

*Joan.* Never did the hand of Providence deny its rescue to suffering virtue. Dauntless and undismayed be the edge of your sword! Sire, the voice that summons you to the enterprise is not from me, but from that unconquerable power, whose influence shall scatter your enemies like dust upon the earth. [*Drum.*]

*Char.* She speaks an inspired language! There's more than human in her accents,—more than mortal in her mandate! Follow! [*Drum.*]

*Joan.* Your foes rush victims to their own destruction. The danger, the peril, be mine: the glory, the conquest, for Charles.

[*They all rush off, following Joan of Arc, L.—Alarum.*]

SCENE III.—*A French Village—The Outside of De Cameral's Inn, R. S. E.—A high Bridge of Rocks, crossing a moving Water, in the background, from R. to L.—Hills, with the Camp and Tent of Charles, in the distance—Moonlight—Alarum of drums, without.*

MUSIC.—*Enter DE CAMERAL and LUCELLE, from the Inn, R. S. E.*

*Luc.* How the battle rages! Florine is in the midst of it, by this time. He started up at the first roll of the terrific drum, and, regardless of my entreaties, hurried over the bridge, shouting, Death or conquest!

*De C.* He followed the impulse of a brave and daring spirit; and, I doubt not, will return to us covered with laurels. And your sister,—where can she be wandering at such a fearful moment?

*Luc.* Who is it comes this way? See, father.

*De C.* As I live, 'tis Valianto! Brave lad! he has been fighting for the honour of his country. [*Alarum.*]

*Enter VALIANTO over the bridge, pale and haggard, with a large sword in his hand, and the skirts of his dress off.*

*Val.* They'll soon be after me! Where shall I hide?

*De C.* Why, Valianto, how came you in the fight?

*Val.* How?—Why, as other brave soldiers do, to be sure,—because I could not help it.

*Luc.* Are you wounded, that you fled so desperately?

*Val.* People generally fly in order not to be wounded ; a man can't run away when his leg is cut off

*De C.* But you exercised your sword ?

*Val.* To be sure, I did. A great raw-boned, ill-looking sort of a fellow got hold of my dress, and so, with one slash of my sword, I cut off the piece, and regained my liberty. Egad ! that was a master-stroke,—we fight for liberty, you know ; but, if you talk of fighting, there's your daughter Joan——

*De C.* Where is she ?

*Val.* In the midst of the fight, flourishing and capering about, for all the world like a live salamander, crying out, glory ! and victory ! with as little fear as I have seen her attend upon the guests at your inn, yonder. But, to be sure, she's a little cracked in the brain, and that makes all the difference. [*Alarum—De Cameral and Lucelle look out, over the bridge.*] Dear, dear, what will become of me ? I'll step into the house, and if they still pursue, I'll creep up the chimney, till the heat of the engagement is at an end.

[*Exit into the inn, R. S. E.*]

*Luc.* Alas ! we shall be destroyed.

*De C.* (L.) Fear not, my daughter,—the shield of an invincible arm hangs over us !

*Luc.* Florine here, joy !

MUSIC.—*Enter FLORINE, supporting PRINCE CHARLES, wounded, over the bridge.*

*Char.* Your aid, added to that of the strange female, Joan of Arc, whose wonderful courage served to inspire my troops, has rescued me from death. Leave me here, and, returning to the fight, maintain by your example the fame you have so justly acquired.

*Flo.* (R.) Master de Cameral, assist this warrior—from the hand of your unexampled daughter I received him, as she dragged him from a heap of slain. [*Alarum.*] The storm rages afresh, I must away. [*Exit over the bridge.*]

*Char.* (R. C.) Heaven rebukes my absence from the field : I'll return and perish there.

*Enter JOAN OF ARC, on the bridge, bearing a standard and surrounded with Soldiers.*

*Joan.* They fly ! the day is yours ! [*Rushing to c., and*

*throwing down the banner at the feet of Charles.]* The banner of your enemy is at your feet!

*[A picture is formed, and the scene closes.]*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Entrance into the City of Orleans, by large folding-gates, C. F.*

*Enter LUCELLE, in the cloak of a soldier, L.*

*Luc. (c.)* My sister, Joan of Arc, wherever she moves, victory attends her, and yet my father would have me stay at home. I shouldn't care so much about staying at home, but then 'tis very melancholy to pass the long evenings without Florine; I think I have hit upon the best method, to attend him unobserved: in this disguise, which I purchased of a soldier, I'll show myself as valiant as the bravest.

### SONG.—LUCELLE.

To the row dow, dow, I'll haste away,  
 With a lively heart and spirits gay;  
 In love or war there's no delay,  
 With a row, dow, dow.  
     A cheerful throng,  
     We'll march along,  
     Uprising with the morning's glow.  
 Dawn shall light us on our way,  
 Night o'ertake us, blithe as May.  
 Merrily marching, row, dow, dow,  
     Merrily, merrily,  
     Row, dow, dow.  
     Merrily, merrily,  
     Row, dow, dow,  
 Merrily marching, row, dow, dow.

To the row, dow, dow, a soldier's bride,  
 I'll wander by my hero's side  
 And honour's cause shall be my pride,  
     With a row, dow, dow  
     With a cheerful song,  
     We'll march along,  
     Uprising with the morning's glow  
     Dawn shall light us, &c.



*Luc.* As I live, yonder comes Valianto : should he suspect me, I'm lost.

*Enter VALIANTO, L.*

*Val.* Oh ! here's one of the soldiers ! I'll certainly enlist, since Lucelle proves so false-hearted ; I'll die like a brave fellow as I am, for my king and country, that's what I will ; k'hem ! k'hem ! good Mr. Soldier.

*Luc.* [*Gruffly.*] Well, what do you say ?

*Val.* I—I came here for the purpose of—because, you see—laud ! how fierce he looks—but I'm not at all daunted,—no, I came here for the purpose of saying—

*Luc.* Saying what ?

*Val.* Nothing !

*Luc.* Perhaps you wish to enlist ?

*Val.* Enlist ! why indeed that is—oh dear, no—should I be killed, what would become of the maidens of the valley ?

*Luc.* Why, what are you to them ?

*Val.* Nothing ; but I can tell you, Mr. Soldier, there are six-and-twenty breaking their hearts for me ; and then there's one Lucelle——

*Luc.* Well, is she breaking her heart, too ?

*Val.* [*Aside.*] If I say so, perhaps he'll kill me. No, no, only she's devilish fond of the soldiers ; but I'll punish her, that's what I will,—I'll enlist ; and, by my courage, here comes Florine, her second lover, only her second,—there don't go for to run away—if you say a word about Lucelle, bless you, he'll, [*Drawing his finger across his throat.*] you understand—he's a terrible dog.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] Which way can I escape ? Yet I'd better try whether he'll know me or not ; they say true love can penetrate the deepest disguise.—I'm so afraid he should not discover me.

*Val.* Well, come, I'm glad to see other folks as great cowards as myself ; I dare say, Florine is just the same, only he knows how to bluster.

*Enter FLORINE, from the gates, C. R.*

*Flo.* (R.) Ha ! what, Valianto, how is it you are so far from home, my fine lad ?

*Val.* Why, don't you know, since Joan of Arc's father has thought fit to follow his daughter to the field, the valley is become quite another place, especially since Lucelle——

*Flo.* Well, since Lucelle, what of her?

*Val.* You know she was desired to stay with her grandmother.

*Flo.* We left her there, when we set out on the war.

*Val.* Ah! she's run away.

*Flo.* Run away! with whom?

*Val.* With old Nick, for what I know; some say she's gone after the soldiers, and some say—but I can't mention that, it's too affecting, too heart-breaking!

*Flo.* In heaven's name, what is it you mean?

*Val.* They will have it, she's gone and hanged herself, and all for love of me—O dear!

*Flo.* [Throwing him away.] Provoking!

*Val.* Ah! she was so doatingly fond of me at times.

*Luc.* [Coming down, c., and slapping his face.] 'Tis false!

*Flo.* That voice! Lucelle!

*Val.* Lucelle! Is this a return for all my tenderness?

*Luc.* O, Florine! don't betray me. Should my father hear of my following you——

*Flo.* Dearest love! you should not have deserted the cottage in which you were left; the terrors of the field ill accord with the emotions of a maiden's breast.

*Luc.* Recollect my sister.

*Flo.* True, but she's inspired,—every damsel is not a Joan of Arc.

*Val.* I always said, Joan of Arc was the devil.

*Flo.* Rather say a divinity, for wherever she sets her foot our cause prevails. The Castle of Orleans has this morning surrendered to her. She is now approaching with the prince, after having pursued the invaders to a distance of many leagues. [A shout without.] Hark! they come.—If you dare to mention a word about Lucelle—[Drawing his finger across his throat.]—you understand me.

*Val.* Oh! yes, I understand—a false-hearted, cruel—but I will list for a soldier. [Exit, R.]

**MUSIC.**—Enter a grand Military Procession from the gates, C. F., consisting of PRINCE CHARLES, JOAN OF ARC, on horseback, RICHEMONT, CHALONS, and DE CAMERAL, with St. Catherine's Standard, &c.

*Char.* [As Joan dismounts.] Welcome, deliverer of your country, woman of wonder, hail! whatever or from whence thy mission comes, to us it bears unequalled good.

*Joan.* Enough! the task, the thought, that long has hovered o'er me, unfolds itself; and soon, my gracious liege, that throne, from which oppression exiled thee, shall be again thine own. Yes, and these hands shall proudly place upon their sovereign's brow the regal diadem of groaning France.

*Char.* Prophetic sounds, what is't they promise us?

*Joan.* What is ordained; 'tis decreed, resolved there. [*Pointing to heaven*] Brave generals; valiant soldiers, hear me. Behold that standard from St. Catherine's shrine—that standard in my visions have I seen, waving the sign of triumph—doubt not, where'er its silken furls unfold, victory shall crown the cause they wave for.

*Char.* Soldiers, evince a gratitude equal to my own, for the favours heaven decrees us, through Joan of Arc swear inviolable fidelity to her and to her cause.

*All.* We swear.

*Char.* Now let each soldier, by rest, renovate his limbs, and aid him to sustain the efforts of to-morrow.

*Joan.* Yes, for to-morrow will I lead you on, dauntless and undismayed. Your enemies shall bend them low before you. Then to Rheims, where your lawful king shall re-assume the rights of his appointed kingdom. [*Grand March—exeunt through the gates, C. F.*]

## SCENE II.—*A Gothic Hall in the Castle of Orleans.*

*Enter RICHEMONT and CHALONS, R.*

*Ric.* And is it fit the king, unmindful of our services, lavish his favours on a frantic woman?

*Chal.* Yes; and the soldiers, madder than the prince, seem by their looks to worship her, while we, their ancient and once-honoured generals, scarce meet the homage that their duty dictates. Charles' enemy, the haughty Beauvais, would not be niggard of his gold to gain this woman captive.

*Enter a Messenger with a letter, which he delivers to Richemont, and exit, L.*

*Ric.* [*Opening the letter.*] Rightly you've thought, for, by this special messenger, he offers for Joan of Arc a sum surpassing that he some time since proffered to us for the prince. Chalons, if we betray not Joan, she'll assume the chaplet which ought to bind our brows.



*Chal.* Let us not neglect the golden moment—send instantly to my Lord of Beauvais, and accept his terms.

*Enter* PRINCE CHARLES, R.

*Char.* My lords, how is it that you counsel thus alone?

*Ric.* Sire, 'tis meet we should combine our serious thoughts; in spite of our success, the cause may yet demand them.

*Char.* You speak wisely, for my couriers bring me news that the enemy has resolved to oppose our entrance into Rheims.

*Chal.* What says Joan of Arc, your majesty? Surely, her inspired wisdom——

*Char.* Confiding in her mission, she derides the idea of opposition, and still congratulates me on the approaching solemnity.

*Ric.* Your majesty really, then, thinks her inspired?

*Char.* Think so, Richemont—is there not an overruling power to direct and govern the conduct of all, the prince as well as the peasant. Joan of Arc, I grant you, is an enthusiast, but then she is a noble one: she has saved us from destruction; her efforts have been crowned with success—cease, then, your sarcasms, and let us at once to the council-chamber; 'tis necessary we should commune, assembled and not severally—then towards Rheims. [*Exeunt*, L.]

SCENE III.—*Exterior of a Castle in France, and open country.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* BEAUVAIS, L.

*Bea.* No messenger returned—they have not dared to detain him. This woman, with her sorcery and spells, has done more for Charles, by working upon the superstition of our soldiers, than thrice their equal of swords and targets. In vain I endeavour to collect my scattered forces, in vain endeavour to rally them to the fight; no sooner does the cry of Joan of Arc reach their ears, than the panic becomes universal; our standard is abandoned, our cause covered with infamy. [*Looking off*, L.] Ha! Scales.



*Enter SCALES, L.*

Well, my trusty friend, what answer from Lord Richemont?

*Sca.* 'Tis here, my lord. [*Gives a letter and retires.*]

*Bea.* [*Reads.*] "*I accept the terms you offer, and will betray the visionary. I cannot now name time or place, but it shall be done.*" Then, Charles, hated enemy to my interests, then you shall feel my vengeance. [*A shout without.*] What means this tumult?

*Sca.* My lord, the enemy, in abandoning the Castle of Orleans, on their way to Rheims, have had a skirmish with a party of our forces; Joan of Arc has been repulsed and forced to retreat—here are two prisoners.

*Bea.* These are welcome tidings; conduct the captives to me. [*Exit Scales, L.*]

*Enter Soldiers, guarding on DE CAMERAL and VALIANTO, prisoners, L.*

*Bea.* You fight in the cause of Charles?

*De C.* With heart and soul!

*Bea.* Joan of Arc, the witch that led you, has been taken prisoner.

*De C.* Joan of Arc taken! 'tis false—'tis not in your power to subdue her; nor had I been your prisoner, but that I am old and feeble.

*Bea.* Say, will you join our cause, and fight against the prince and Joan of Arc.

*De C.* Never! never!

*Bea.* Then you shall die.

*Val.* So please your magnificence, I'll fight against Joan of Arc, or any Joan, so you'll spare my life; but De Cameral can't, because——

*Bea.* Because of what?

*De C.* Peace, Valianto, or when I recover my liberty——

*Bea.* Dare you threaten? Speak, fellow what you were about to utter, or your life——

*Val.* O dear, so please your magnificence, he's Joan of Arc's father.

*Bea.* Her father! Joan of Arc's father! in one word, swear to persuade your daughter to abandon the cause of Charles.

*De C.* Persuade her to abandon the cause of her king! I'll perish first.

*Bea.* Insolent slave! you shall perish.

*De C.* Yes, tyrant, drag me to the stake, plunge your dagger into my old heart: a brave man knows how to die, and to despise the traitor that would violate the rights and liberties of his country.

*Bea.* Braggart! we shall see how far these boasts will carry you—away with them.

[*Guards, Valianto, and De Cameral going.*]

*Enter SCALES, L.*

*Sca.* Glad tidings! Joan of Arc is wounded—she is taken.

*De C.* Taken! no, no, no, it cannot be—believe him not.

*Bea.* Silence, frantic bigot. Joan our captive, she becomes our agent or our victim.

*De C.* Your agent! yours!—sooner think to grasp in your hand the vapours that arise from the weltering earth, than hope to bend the noble soul of Joan of Arc to the baseness of a sway like yours.

*Bea.* Another word, rebellious fool, and with my own poniard I'll strike thee bleeding to my feet.

*De C.* Nay, never waste your angry looks on me—I heed them not.

*Bea.* (R.) Insolent! take the reward of your temerity, since thus I teach thee.

[*As he rushes towards De Cameral to stab him, Joan of Arc abruptly interposes, and receives the blow upon her shield, —her Followers enter, and Beauvais stands appalled.*]

*Joan.* (c.) Hold, assassin! is it thus you exercise your power? What, draw your sword on a defenceless aged man, your prisoner, whose gray hairs should have rendered him sacred. Proud Beauvais, mark how the vengeance of heaven pursues you. You are now our captive, and at our mercy. You meanly sought the life of an aged honourable man, who never injured you. Learn, my lord, to be more magnanimous. Learn of Joan of Arc, the witch, whom you affect to despise, that whilst it is yours to be cruel, 'tis ours to be merciful! Follow your troops, teach them to submit to their appointed king, or should we meet again, proud lord, our parting may be less amicable.—My father!

*Bea.* Yes, I'll follow, and inspire them with my own fearless example, and yet return to vengeance and to hate.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Joan.* My brave, my gallant father!

*De C.* My unexampled child, what means the blood with which this scarf is stained?

*Joan.* An arrow in the battle pierced my helmet; the wound is slight, with my own hand I staunch'd it! Father! father! the blood that falls upon the earth, in defence of our country, is like the dew from heaven, consecrating the land. Nothing now remains, but to proceed to Rheims, where, with the coronation of the prince, my mission terminates. Then, father, dear father! we will once more bend our footsteps to our peaceful home, and, renewing the sickle for the javelin, set an example to mankind, that the husbandman, who cultivates his native soil in peace, is as great as the champion who defends it in war. *[A shout without.*

*Enter FLORINE, L.*

*Flo.* Lord Beauvais, heading a rebel band, has rushed upon our forces. Richemont and Chalons fly. Haste, or the king is lost.

*Joan.* Richemont and Chalons fly—desert their king—desert the cause of Charles. Soldiers, I see your eyes, indignant flashing, wear the same fire that animates my breast! I see the sinewy grasp upon your spears, which, half advanced, seem starting forth to glory: follow me, heroes, follow to the field.—Follow me, soldiers, let us on to triumph.—The word, “God and our country,—and the cause of Charles!” *[All rush off, following Joan, L.*

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*—*Alarum continued.*

*Enter LUCELLE, L., and VALIANTO, R., running against each other, each looking another way.*

*Val.* O, that I were in the quagmire. Ha! this is one of the desperate soldiers—if I look at him, he'll be wanting to cut my head off, and be carrying it home like a foot-ball, on the point of his sword. And should it be one of Florine's party, he'll be wanting me to go and fight. What shall I do? I'll pretend to be blind.

*Luc.* Alas! this is one of the enemy; I have not the courage to look at him. I shall certainly be taken prisoner.

*Val.* Prisoner! O, dear! good Mr. Soldier don't you see I'm blind.

*Luc.* Blind! that's extremely fortunate,—then perhaps

I may escape. Ha! is it possible? Valianto! he cannot protect me, he has not the courage to defend himself.

*Val.* Defend myself! Good Mr. Soldier, don't you see I'm quite blind.

*Luc.* What am I to do?

*Val.* Take compassion on me; consider what a crime it would be to harm the defenceless.

[*A shout without—Valianto sinks on his knees to Lucelle.*]

*Enter FLORINE, R.*

*Flo.* Valianto here, and on his knees to Lucelle!

*Luc.* My own Florine, wherefore that look of coldness at such an hour—it stabs me to the heart.

*Val.* Stab me to the heart! oh, dear! oh, dear! don't you see I'm quite blind. O, that I were in the quagmire again.

*Flo.* How, blind? Has any accident—ah, I see how it is, Lucelle,—he has long been ready to surrender, take him prisoner. [*Whispers Lucelle.*]

*Val.* Prisoner! O, dear! then I'm afraid I'm in the dark to no purpose.

*Luc.* You are my prisoner! stand up.

*Val.* [*Starting suddenly up between them, trembling*] Dear me, and I've got such an ague.

*Flo.* You are terribly frightened, Valianto.

*Luc.* You are a great coward, Valianto.

*Val.* Valianto! coward! 'tis somebody that knows me—I will take a peep out at one corner of my eye.—How, Florine, and you, Miss Lucelle! Laud, how glad I am to see you—fol de rol, &c. Laud! how glad I am! Well, only to think we three should be here, standing up together for the honour of our country.

*Flo.* Why, you cowardly poltroon!

*Luc.* Submit to be taken prisoner by a woman.

*Val.* Bless you, there's not a brave man in existence that's not been captivated by a woman, at one time or another.

*Luc.* But you pretended to be blind.

*Val.* Love, you know, Lucelle, is always blind.

*Luc.* But, Florine, what means this sudden calm?

*Flo.* Your heroic sister has again prevailed. Beauvais had scarcely the good fortune to escape with life, his followers are dispersed, and Prince Charles is set out on his way to Rheims. [*To Valianto.*] Come, let us join the victorious procession; the fighting's all over.



*Val.* No, I thank you, if there had been a fight indeed ! I'd rather retire without half-pay. [*Aside.*] If ever I reach the old quagmire again, sooner than be a soldier, I'll pass the remainder of my days in mud. [*Exit, l.*]

*Flo.* [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! poor Valianto. But, dearest Lucelle, when future ages record the wondrous story of your sister, Joan of Arc, surely they will not forget the narrative of our unequalled love.

*Luc.* No, Florine ! and when we return to our native valley, and pluck the clustering grapes, in our old vineyard, we shall be happy, so happy !

DUET.—FLORINE and LUCELLE.

*Luc.* Soldier, soldier, will you go  
Where the balmy violets grow ?  
Soldier, soldier, will you be  
Happy there, and stay with me ?  
Will you quit your shield and spear,  
For the humble crook and shear,  
There to call me still your dear ?  
Soldier, soldier, will you go, &c.

*Flo.* Maiden, maiden, from the field,  
When the foes to freedom yield,  
Maiden, maiden, then I'll be  
Blithe at home with love and thee.  
Then I'll quit my shield and spear,  
For the humbler crook and shear ;  
Then, Lucelle, with you, my dear,  
Gladly, gladly, will I go, &c.

*Both.* O ! so happy we shall be,  
Who so truly bless'd as we ;  
O ! so happy we shall prove,  
Rich in transport and in love.

[*Exeunt, l.*]

SCENE V.—*Interior of the Cathedral at Rheims.*

PRINCE CHARLES and JOAN of ARC discovered before the altar—Joan wearing a chaplet—DE CAMERAI supporting the sacred banner—Soldiers, Priests, Ladies, &c.

*Char.* To that high power which has brought to pass this glorious day, be our first and dearest thanks ; next, to you, illustrious and wonderful Joan of Arc, we offer the grateful emotions of your sovereign's breast ; say, how can we repay the services you have rendered us.

*Joan.* Mighty sire, a poor and humble villager, the first tidings of your persecutions fill'd me with regret and sorrow ; I believed myself inspired ; my fevered

fancy pictured scenes, which, wondrous as it may seem, have since been realized. My task has been fulfilled, and, to prove that ambition was not my impulse, I only ask——

*Char.* You cannot demand too much. What is it?

*Joan.* Leave to return to my own home—there, in obscurity, to bless myself with the recollection, that I have preserved my nation from ruin; my sovereign from a disgraceful death!

*Char.* Noble-minded woman? far be it from us to dictate; you shall return in peace, but our munificence must be permitted to accompany you into retirement. Richemont and Chalons, my faithful generals shall escort you.

*Joan.* There, my liege, lies the crown, from which you have too long been exiled—my only remaining office is to place it on that brow, for which alone it was destined. Kneel, sire, and receive from my hands the gift, that can only be rendered invaluable to a monarch by the exercise of virtue.

[*Music.*—*The King kneels, and Joan, with great dignity, places the sceptre in his hand and crown upon his head—grand flourish and chorus.*]

### CHORUS.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye people,—the king, your king  
Comes to rule the land.

*Joan.* All-seeing providence! 'tis accomplished! my visions are fulfilled. Hail, Charles! hail, King of France!

[*Flourish of trumpets—they all kneel, a picture is formed, and the scene closes.*]

END OF ACT I.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Castle, as before.*

*Enter* BEAUVAIS and SCALES, R.

*Bea.* Charles crowned king by Joan of Arc! the people satisfied, my schemes abortive! but what says Chalons' letter? it may impart a ray of hope. [*Opens a letter.*] How is this? Joan of Arc returning to her native

country, escorted by Richemont and Chalons! My worthy Scales, this is brave news indeed; our troops will readily collect themselves at the intelligence, and eventually the kingdom become our own. Chalons writes here, that Joan of Arc passes this wood,—'tis fortunate! Hasten and inform our party of the intelligence.

*Sca.* My lord, our troop advances: along yonder valley, too, I perceive horsemen approaching; doubtless 'tis my Lord Richemont, attending Joan of Arc on her way home.

*Bea.* By heaven, it is! let us withdraw and wait the golden opportunity. At last, then, Charles, in spite of your boasted propheticess, she and you are doomed to surrender yourselves, and submit to our decrees, which vainly you have affected to despise. [*Exeunt, L.*]

*Enter RICHEMONT and CHALONS, R.*

*Ric.* I hope my Lord of Beauvais did not fail of the messenger—it was at this spot I proposed to surrender Joan his prisoner.

*Chal.* Doubt not but he'll arrive instantly. Be careful, or your anxiety may betray us; and, for fear of future incidents, let us wear a pretence of honour.

*MUSIC.*—*Enter JOAN, DE CAMERAL, and Soldiers, R. S. E.*

*Joan.* My noble generals, Richemont and Chalons, here I bid you farewell; and you, gallant friends, who have so often followed me to the field, farewell!—return to the monarch for whom you have bravely fought and bled: here, in the face of heaven and of man, I renounce the strife of war; the task I was called on to fulfil, is accomplished. These arms, that have shed about my person a ray of glory, I renounce. To you, my Lord of Chalons, I bequeath my shield; to you, Richemont, my helmet; and to my prince, I send my victorious sword. Yet, let me gaze once more upon its blade, 'tis as the shining countenance of a trusty friend! This spot was occasioned by a tear, which I shed in thankfulness, the first time I saved the king's life. Remind him of that event, my lords, and he will esteem it, beyond the brightest gem in his diadem. [*During this speech she resigns her arms.*] Now, my father, I return to your breast as I once was, no longer the invincible leader of armies, but the humble peasant, Joan of Arc.

*De C.* Bear witness for me, ye all-seeing spirits, who

govern the destinies of mankind, that I did not behold my child, floating majestically along the tide of heroism, with more pride than I now witness her return to peace and humility? I heard not the fame of her warlike renown with more delight, than I now again clasp her to my heart as the virtuous lowly cottager!

*Joan.* Again, farewell! do not speak to me—there is a grief in separation, that in some minds is only to be endured by silence. [*Music—she waves her hand as they go off, L., with her helmet, shield, and sword.*] Wherefore this sudden anguish at my breast? Father, I feel some new trial awaits me, and for the first time—tremble to meet danger. Let us begone; my brain is bewildered, or my mind has lost its vigour—for I, that lately stood unmoved beneath the thunder's roar, am fain to tremble at the almost soundless motion of the rustling leaves.

*De C.* 'Tis that the fever of the soul subsides, and the heart's impulse lacks the expiring fire. Lean on my arm, let us at once away—think of our home.

*Joan.* Think of it! yes. O, dear, delightful home; sweet solace to the weary traveller. [*Richemont and Chalons cross, L. to R., behind Joan and her father, and exeunt, R. U. E.*] Yes, we'll wander far away, to our own land; the sky is blue there. Ah! how blue——

*Re-enter RICHEMONT and CHALONS, R. S. E.*

*Ric. & Chal.* Hold! you are our prisoners.

*De C.* Prisoners! who shall dare to touch us? Only with existence will we surrender!

*Joan.* [*Feeling wildly for her helmet, &c.*] My helmet, my sword!—ah! gone—dreadful recollection! Yes, yes, it was to be so, was it not? [*She becomes torpid.*]

*De C.* Joan, my child, awake! you are in the hands of enemies. Villains! unloose your hold, or through my blood think to commit this sacrilege.

*Enter BEAUVAIS, with Soldiers, L.*

*De C.* My Lord of Beauvais! wretch! monster!

*Bea.* Fool, receive the just reward your rashness merits. [*Stabbing De Cameral*] Take her towards Rouen immediately: if she submit not there to our authority, a cruel death shall expiate her crimes. [*Crosses and exit, R.*]

*De C.* Villain! villain! oh, my poor child! oh! [*Falls.*]

*Joan.* I heard it! 'twas a voice that called me back to this transitory world. Ah! who has done this? He bleeds! Father, you must not abandon me now. Alas!



monsters, approach me not ; for, though I wave not in my hand the exterminating sword, the blasts from heaven hover round my head, and wait but a moment's decree, to burst awfully down. Yes, they have prevailed—the corse of my murdered father lies bleeding at my feet ! he dies through me ! for me !—*[Throwing herself upon the body, c.]* Oh, destiny, destiny ! *[The scene closes.]*

SCENE II.—*A Landscape.*

*Enter* FLORINE and LUCELLE, L.

*Flo.* Come, come, Lucelle, cheer up—why, we must be at least a league behind your sister and your father.

*Luc.* Florine, my father knows nothing of my following you to the camp, and I would that he remained ignorant of it till we reach the valley. But, alas ! I feel I shall never be able to proceed, fatigue o'ercomes me. *[A drum heard without.]* A drum ! what can it mean ?

*Flo.* I know not ; 'tis an accustomed signal of the enemy.

*Luc.* Gracious powers ! should it be any of Beauvais soldiers again collected,—I tremble for my father and my sister.

*Flo.* Lucelle, stay only a moment, while I ascend the summit of yonder hill, which overlooks the valley ; I'll return directly. *[Exit, R.]*

*Luc.* I fear to be left alone again, my heart ceases to beat—Florine, Florine, come back ; a terrible thought rushes across my mind. Florine !

*[Sinks against a tree for support.]*

*Re-enter* FLORINE, R.

*Luc.* What means that agitation ? Speak, Florine !

*Flo.* Your sister has fallen into the hands of enemies.

*Luc.* What is it you utter ?

*Flo.* Even now, at no great distance, I beheld a band of Beauvais' followers dragging her along, insensible : Beauvais himself is at the head of them ; they cry aloud—Joan of Arc is now our prisoner.

*Luc.* And my father ?

*Flo.* Your father ? I saw him not ; but doubtless he, too, is in their power.

*Luc.* Alas ! what is to be done ?

*Flo.* They shall be rescued, Lucelle. Not far distant

stands the monastery of St. Agnes : you can tarry there in safety till my return.

*Luc.* Return—oh, whither would you go?

*Flo.* To Rheims immediately. King Charles must be apprized of Joan's captivity—they are conducting her towards Rouen—he will fly to her release—it will be accomplished—and then, Lucelle, we'll meet again.

*Luc.* I must endure all these emotions. Yes, Florine, let us begone. Fly! fly to redeem the liberty of my poor father and of my noble sister. Surely, it is forbidden that Joan of Arc, the great and noble Joan of Arc, should thus be subdued by the base treachery of her enemies.

*Flo.* Heaven, which never yet deserted the virtuous, will assuredly aid in the cause of those whom its own hand has singled out to become illustrious. [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Passage leading to a Dungeon.*

*Enter* BEAUVAIS, R., *meeting* SCALES, L.

*Bea.* Now, good Scales, does Joan of Arc consent to unite herself in our cause—does she accept our conditions?

*Sca.* Most haughtily, my lord, she defies your authority, and deems the terms you offer terms of shame; she reproaches us that we deny to her the privileges granted to prisoners taken in battle, and load her with chains, contrary to the general custom. In short, my lord, she declares her readiness to perish, rather than abandon the cause of Charles.

*Bea.* Obstinate, perverse heretic! 'tis necessary for our success, that she immediately be placed before a tribunal of her country; where, if she relent not, her fate is decided on. Doubtless, when Charles hears of her captivity, he will instantly prepare to demand the liberation of his idol; therefore, Scales, conduct her forth to trial. Already I have appointed the senate to assemble—delay not—I'll instantly to the judgment chamber. [*Exeunt Beauvais, R., Scales, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Council-Chamber at Rouen, with throne, R.—seats and table in front—a bar across the corner, L. S. E.—Judges assembled.*

*Enter* Guards, BEAUVAIS, L., Noblemen, &c.—*Beauvais takes his seat on the throne—Joan guarded, at the bar.—Music*

*Bea.* Joan of Arc, we arraign you, that you may

give to this high assembly a sufficient testimony of your innocence ; or, otherwise, receive such sentence as shall best accord with their principles and their morality.

*Joan.* [After an emotion of despair and indignation.] Of what am I accused ?

*Bea.* Sorcery ! of practising unlawful spells,—and assisting the army of Charles, against the true interests of France.

*Joan.* It was enough for me, that Charles was an injured monarch, excluded from his rights by an oppressive force, which rights were alone in him, inasmuch as he was, and is, king, and you subject.

*Bea.* We speak not of these matters—we have tendered to you such conditions as, accepted, would have left us room for mercy.

*Joan.* I ask not mercy,—in the lion's den I seek it not ; you have shown me how you estimate the principles of mercy.

*Bea.* You are an heretic ! and have professed a knowledge of things contrary to your religion. You have seen or pretended to see visions, revealing futurity. You are leagued with those who make a practice of witchcraft—will you confess ?

*Joan.* To heaven ! [A dead pause.] Yes, to that being who numbers the stars, and looks frowning down upon the judges of this assembly. You think, in sacrificing me, to convince your soldiers that superstition, and not heaven, has subdued them ; but you imagine wrongly, for, from my ashes, Phoenix-like, will arise a spirit, shall blaze athwart the sword and helmet of Charles, till not one of you will be left to curse the hour, in which you assigned to Joan of Arc, the deliverer of her country, to you a shameful, but to her, a glorious death !

*Bea.* Still, you contradict not the accusation.

*Joan.* Accusation !—who are my accusers ?

*Bea.* Behold them !

*Enter RICHEMONT and CHALONS, R.—they attempt to look Joan in the face, but shrink from her fixed gaze.*

*Joan.* Mark, my lord, how heavily guilt sits upon their brows,—they dare not look on me. Yet I, that am accused of blackest guilt, stand dauntless up, unconquered, undismayed. My lords, my lords, the wanton betrayer of Lis country, the man that wrongs the land



that gave him birth, cannot wash away his crime, not even with his blood!

*Bea.* 'Tis time to pronounce the sentence. Woman, disgraceful to your kindred and your country,—you have abandoned the decorum of your sex, leagued with the real enemies of France, assisted their machinations by spells and horrid mysteries, derived from infernal sources. I, therefore, pronounce upon you, in the name of this reverend and combined assembly, the sentence of death! and decree, that you be burnt in the public market-place, opposite the city gates.

*Joan.* [*After a moment's pause.*] If heaven look on and permit the punishment, 'tis not for me to murmur. You marvel that I weep; exult not, they are tears of gratitude:—beyond the consummation of present torture, I can defy all malice. For you, Richemont and Chalons, unhappy beings, short is your way in triumph, long in sorrow. You shall wear upon your tomb the brand of infamy—the curses of brave and good men; while the memory of Joan of Arc, which you thought to exterminate, even through your hate, shall become immortal.

*Bea.* Let her be conducted to instant execution—we will attend!

[*Music.*—*They all rise, and are conducting Joan off, as the scene closes.*]

#### SCENE V.—*A Street in Rouen.*

*Enter the PROCESSION, consisting of Guards, Priests, Nuns, Torch-bearers, Executioner, Banners, JOAN OF ARC, bound, BEAUVAIS, RICHEMONT, CHALONS, SCALES, &c., passing to the execution.—Solemn Dirge.*

SCENE VI.—*The Market-Place at Rouen—gates, c.—a square pile surrounded by wood, ready for burning—Joan's sword and shield lying on the pile.*

JOAN OF ARC, BEAUVAIS, RICHEMONT, CHALONS, SCALES, Soldiers, Priests, Torch-bearers, Executioner, &c. discovered.  
—*Beauvais motions Scales off, L.*

*Joan.* Behold! proud and vindictive lords, how tranquilly I come to die:—but a moment, and I shall have passed the barrier of human suffering. My griefs will dissolve themselves into eternity, and I feel that I shall be at peace in the bosom of that delightful serenity, from which no earthly power can rend me back. Remember;



for it is my glory still, I die in Charles's cause, subdued not vanquished.

*Bea.* Haughty woman!—to the last dare you to confront us?—If death has no terrors for yourself, we have here another victim: bring forth your prisoner!

*Enter DE CAMERAL, brought on in chains by SCALES, L.*

*Joan.* [*With a burst of frenzy and despair.*] My father! is he alive?—Oh! now I am indeed a wretch—I am conquered, I am fall'n!

*De C.* Joan, my daughter, wherefore this despondency? my child! my child!

*Joan.* [*Frantically.*] My lord of Beauvais, spare but the gray hairs of my father, I'll kneel and worship thee!

*De C.* [*Detaining her, as she hurries wildly towards Beauvais.*] Never, never! If you would have me die happily, you must fall nobly—ask my life of those traitors, and this dagger, by my own hand, shall lay me breathless.

*Joan.* Father! my noble-minded father!

*De C.* [*Pointing towards heaven.*] We'll meet again, my child. [*A momentary pause and burst of affection.*]

*Joan.* [*Kneeling.*] Bless me! bless me! [*Music as he blesses her—she then rises and turns to Beauvais with great dignity.*] Man of blood, I am now prepared, unconquered, to die for my country. [*To the Guards, who attempt to conduct her.*] Nay; stand back—I need not your services [*Music.—She ascends the steps of the pile.*] My arms, too! [*Seeing her helmet, shield, and sword.*] Is this the last triumph of your mean revenge? Better had they graced your shrines—yet, companions of my glory, why should they not expire with me?

*Bea.* Guards, accomplish the sentence:—let the sorceress die! [*Music.—She is chained to the stake.*]

*Joan.* Father, remember my last blessing shall be upon the crown of Charles, my last prayer uttered for his success. [*Music.—The Executioner sets fire to the pile.*]

*Enter CHARLES, FLORINE, and Soldiers, who rush forward and liberate Joan of Arc—Beauvais, Richemont, and Chalons are taken prisoners amidst the tumult.*

## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

FLO.	LUC.	DE C.	JOAN.	CHAR.	BEA.	CHAL.	RIC.
Soldiers.			Soldiers.				Soldiers.
R.]							[L.

THE END.



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